

CASH PRIZES TO BE WON...SEE "BUSTER GIGGLES" INSIDE!

BUSTER^{7d}

EVERY MONDAY

Australia 10 cents; New Zealand 10 cents; S. Africa 10 cents; Rhodesia 1/-;
E. Africa 1-00 cents; W. Africa 1/-; Malaysia 40 cents; Malta 9d.; Eire 10d.

20th DECEMBER, 1969



THE DISASTROUS MATCH ENDED, AND NATHAN HAD TO FACE THE CONSEQUENCES!

The WIZARD of FOOTBALL

Cyril Clarkson had set his heart on becoming a soccer star, and his chances improved when he met ex-actor Nathan Flintlock, who coached him and gave him confidence. Nathan was then given the job of coaching Western United, the First Division team Cyril played for. But in a cup game, Nathan's tactics failed... and with only seconds to go to the final whistle, Cyril had to score from a penalty...



TENSION FILLED THE AIR...

CRUIKY! THE WHOLE RESULT DEPENDS ON ME! I'VE GOT TO SCORE... I'VE JUST GOT TO!

CYRIL LET FLY WITH THE SPOT-KICK, BUT...

OH, WHAT A TERRIBLE SHOT!

THAT BLOKE FLINTLOCK COACHES CLARKSON... AND HE HASN'T DONE THAT VERY WELL, EITHER!

YEH—FLINTLOCK AND CLARKSON HAVE LOST THE GAME BETWEEN THEM!



THE FINAL WHISTLE BLEW IMMEDIATELY AND THE PLAYERS TROOPED MISERABLY OFF THE FIELD...

THE DIRECTORS WANT TO SEE YOU IN THE BOARDROOM, FLINTLOCK... NOW!

IT—IT WASN'T CYRIL'S FAULT! THE STRAIN WAS TOO MUCH FOR THE POOR LAD! HE IS NOT A GOOD SHOT AT THE BEST OF TIMES...!



I'M SORRY, LADS... I SHOULD HAVE SCORED...

IT WASN'T YOUR FAULT, CYRIL!

DON'T YOU WORRY, SON!



IT WAS THAT OLD FOOL FLINTLOCK'S FAULT! HIM AND HIS DAFT TACTICS!

YES! WE SHOULD HAVE ATTACKED ALL THE WAY THROUGH... NOT JUST AT THE END...!

WE'D HAVE SCORED A HATFUL OF GOALS THAT WAY!



ONLY CYRIL SPOKE UP FOR NATHAN...

THAT'S NOT FAIR! MR. FLINTLOCK'S GOT GOOD IDEAS... HE WAS JUST UNLUCKY THIS GAME... AND—AND IF I'D SCORED FROM THAT PENALTY, NOBODY WOULD HAVE HAD A WORD TO SAY AGAINST HIM!



CYRIL HURRIEDLY FINISHED CHANGING AND WENT OUT TO THE CAR PARK...

IT'S GETTING LATE... MR. FLINTLOCK WOULDN'T HAVE GONE WITHOUT TELLING ME! I WONDER WHAT'S KEEPING HIM?



AND THEN...

CRUMBS! HE LOOKS PROPER DOWN IN THE MOUTH! I SUPPOSE HE'S REALLY TAKEN WESTERN'S BAD GAME TO HEART!



WHAT'S THE MATTER, MR. FLINTLOCK?

I'VE BEEN ON TRIAL BEFORE THE DIRECTORS, M'BOY - AND I'VE BEEN FOUND GUILTY... AND SENTENCED! IN SHORT, LADDIE... I'VE BEEN SACKED!



COR, THAT'S NOT FAIR! YOU DID YOUR BEST!

EVERY MAN'S HAND WAS AGAINST ME, BOY! EVERY VOICE THAT SPOKE ACCUSED ME! I HAD NOT ONE FRIEND TO PLEAD FOR ME! INSTANT DISMISSAL WAS THEIR VERDICT!



WELL, I'LL GIVE YOU A LIFT HOME, ANYWAY, SIR...

NO, DEAR BOY! LEAVE ME! LEAVE ME TO MY SORROW AND MISERY! I'M A FAILURE... FINISHED... SOON TO BE FORGOTTEN! I'M EVEN FORBIDDEN TO CONTINUE TO COACH YOU... I GO... MY WAY ALONE!



IT'S NOT RIGHT! THEY DIDN'T GIVE HIM A CHANCE! HE HAS GOT A FRIEND... ME!



CYRIL STORMED INTO THE WESTERN UNITED BOARD-ROOM...

I DIDN'T HEAR YOU KNOCK, CLARKSON!

WHAT ON EARTH IS IT?

I DIDN'T KNOCK... AND I WANT TO TALK TO YOU LOT!

SO... YOU SACK MR. FLINTLOCK... AND YOU SACK ME, TOO! I'M GOING WITH HIM!

IT'LL BE THE END OF YOUR CAREER!



MR. FLINTLOCK'S JUST TOLD ME HOW YOU'VE SACKED HIM! YOU ALL OUGHT TO BE ASHAMED OF YOURSELVES! HE DID HIS BEST... HE WANTED THE TEAM TO WIN... HE'S A CLEVER MAN... AND - AND THE BEST COACH THERE IS...

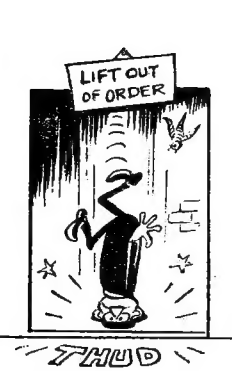
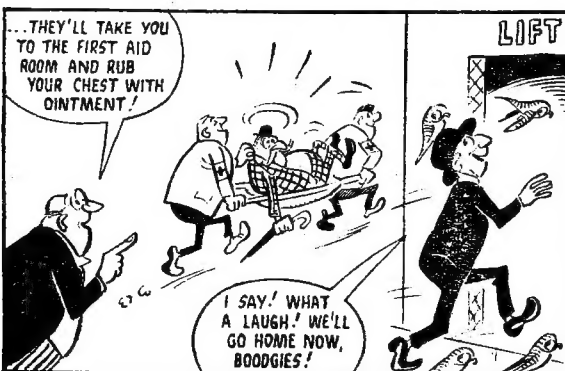
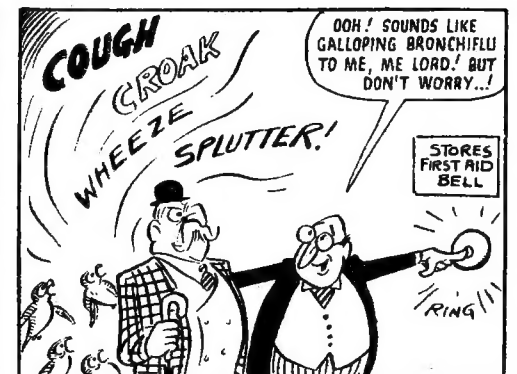
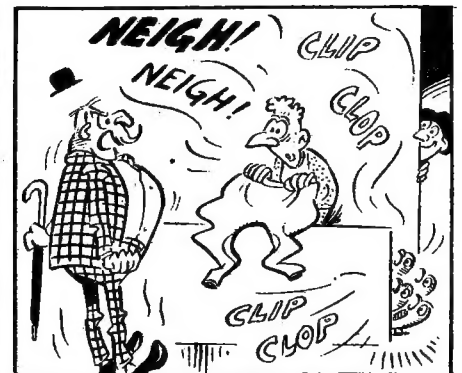


PREPOSTEROUS! WE'LL SUSPEND YOU...

YOU WON'T PLAY FOR ANOTHER TEAM...

NEXT WEEK'S THRILLING ISSUE OF "BUSTER" WILL BE ON SALE FRIDAY, 19th DECEMBER!

A black and white portrait of a smiling man wearing a bowler hat. The man has a friendly expression, looking slightly to the right. The image is a high-contrast, grainy print, typical of a newspaper clipping.



MORE RIB-TICKLING FUN WITH FREDDIE AND HIS FEATHERED FRIENDS THIS COMING FRIDAY !

BUSTER Giggles

**POCKET-
MONEY
PRIZES
TO BE WON
EVERY WEEK!**

£1

**FOR THE SENDER OF
EACH JOKE PUBLISHED**

HOW TO ENTER:

Send your joke on a postcard to:

**"BUSTER Giggles",
FLEETWAY HOUSE,
FARRINGTON ST.,
LONDON, E.C.4.**

(When similar jokes are received, the first one to be judged will be awarded the prize.)

MY THREE FAVOURITE FEATURES ARE:

- 1
- 2
- 3

PLEASE FILL IN THE COUPON
ABOVE AND PASTE IT TO
YOUR POSTCARD.



From R. HILDEBRAND, BAKEWELL.



From T. ROBOTHAM, WARWICK.



From A. BOTTOM, YORK.



From R. BARGMAN, SHREWSBURY.



From A. POINTER, BROOKFIELD.



From T. PICKTHORNE, WIGAN.

NO-ONE ON CRABBE ISLAND WITNESSED THE BOYS'- MIRACULOUS ESCAPE!

CRABBE'S CRUSADERS



Professor Crabbe's crusaders—shipwrecked orphan boys, "Smiler" Smith, "Red" O'Rork, Willy Evans and Sammy Greig—had been overpowered by the musical minions of an eccentric master-crook known as "The Conductor." Secured to a gigantic drum, they were propelled far out to sea . . .

SUDDENLY, A TREMENDOUS, EAR-SHATTERING EXPLOSION SENT SEA-BIRDS WHEELING!



NUMB WITH SHOCK, HERMIT CRABBE SCANNED THE AREA . . . IN VAIN!



MY LOYAL BOYS . . . NEVER AGAIN SHALL I SEE THEM!

SATISFIED, OLD MAN? AND WITH NO OPPOSITION FROM YOUR CELEBRATED ASSISTANTS, I SHALL NOW FORCE YOU TO HELP ME TURN THIS ISLAND OF GADGETS INTO THE GREATEST CRIMINAL H.Q. IN HISTORY!

MY—MY CRUSADERS . . . GONE! IT CAN'T BE TRUE! IT'S IMPOSSIBLE!

NOT AT ALL, PROFESSOR! THEY SUFFERED THE LYRICAL FATE I RESERVED FOR THEM! SEE FOR YOURSELF!



THE WATCHERS TURNED AWAY . . . JUST TOO LATE TO SEE FOUR HEADS BOB UP AMID THE WRECKAGE!



OOOOH! WHAT HAPPENED..?

THAT DRUM EXPLODED, BEDAD! IF IT HADN'T BEEN FOR YOU, SMILER..!

THAT'S OKAY, MATES! 'HOUDINI' IS MY SECOND NAME!

A HAZY, CONFUSED VISION PASSED THROUGH SMILER'S MIND . . .



AS THE DRUM HIT THE WATER, THE IMPACT SNAPPED MY ROPES!

"I GUESSED THE CONDUCTOR WOULD TRY AND PULL A FASTONE. BUT TIME WAS SHORT . . ."



LUCKY FOR YOU LOT I'VE GOT MY KNIFE! BUT WE HAVEN'T GOT MUCH TIME!

HIDDEN BY SPRAY, THE CRUSADERS HAD HAD THE NARROWEST ESCAPE OF THEIR YOUNG LIVES!

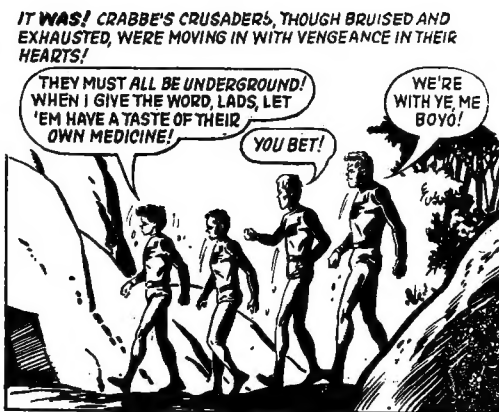


BATTERED AND SHAKEN, THE FOUR SURVIVORS SWAM SLOWLY BACK TOWARDS THE ISLAND . . .



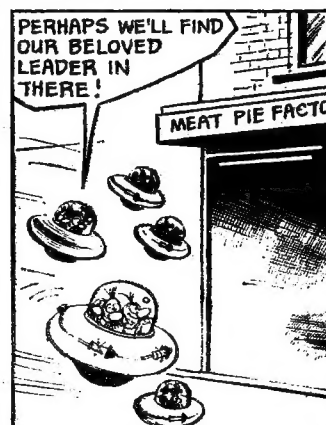
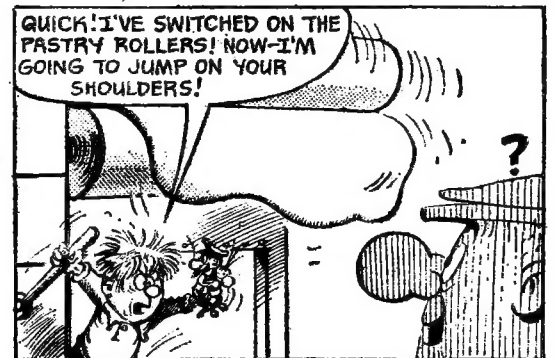
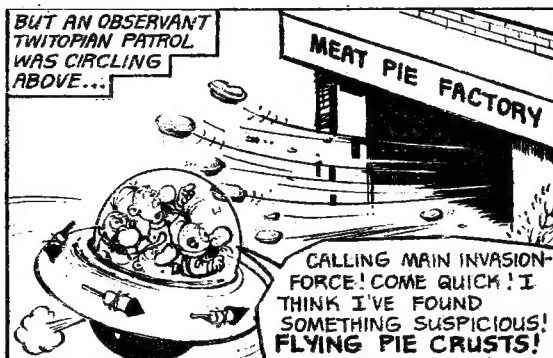
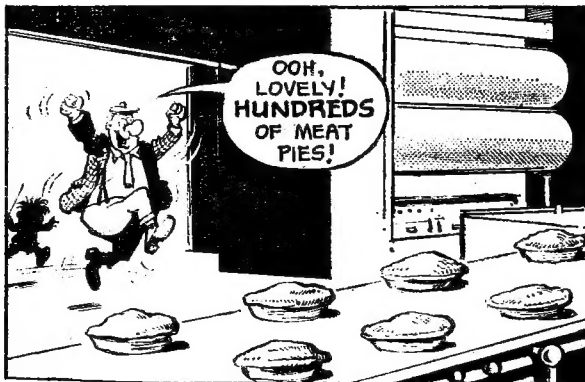
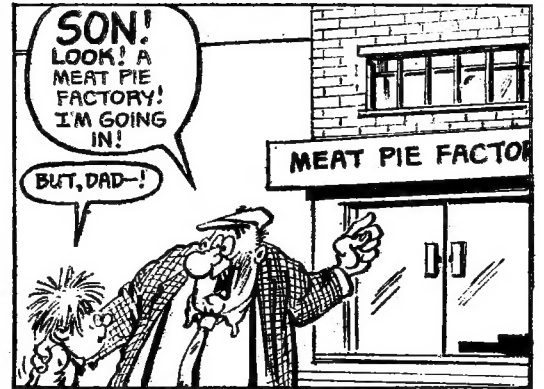
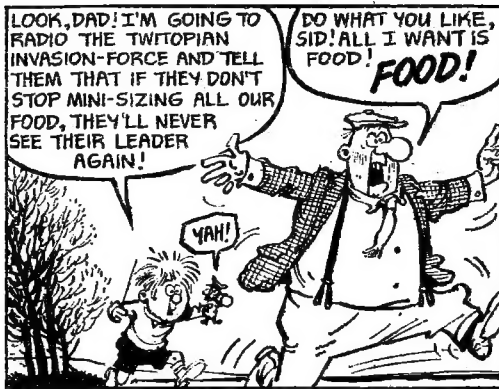
NO-ONE'S IN SIGHT . . . THEY CAN'T KNOW WE GOT CLEAR!

SO HELP ME, THEY SOON WILL! WHEN I GET AMONG 'EM, I'LL GIVE 'EM MY VERSION OF AN IRISH JIG!



ANOTHER THRILLING ADVENTURE STARTS IN NEXT WEEK'S "BUSTER"!

THERE'S A BELLYFUL OF LAUGHS WHEN THE TWITS TRACE SID TO A PIE FACTORY !



MORE FUN IN NEXT WEEK'S ISSUE — ON SALE FRIDAY, 19th DECEMBER !

RIGHT THIS WAY, MY HEARTIES!

BUSTER'S BIRTHDAY CLUB

WEEKLY FUN
FOR THOUSANDS
OF MEMBERS!



**Hello,
Mates!**

ONLY a week to go, and it's **CHRISTMAS!** I expect you're counting the days—just like me! I can hardly wait to open all those bulging parcels that will be piled up round the Christmas tree. Then there's all that luscious food waiting to be eaten! Yum-yum—hold me back, someone!

In the midst of all this excitement, don't miss next week's Club Page 'cos I'll be printing a **Free Joining Form** for new readers and there will be a competition, with grand prizes. So meet me here again next week for a pre-Christmas treat!

Form for new readers and there will be a competition, with grand prizes. So meet me here again next week for a pre-Christmas treat!

Your old pal,

Buster.

MORE SUPER PRIZES FOR DATE-SPOTTERS!



13th NOVEMBER, 1958

23rd JULY, 1957

8th AUGUST, 1960

24th JANUARY, 1959

29th APRIL, 1962

17th MARCH 1961

ANY Buster Club member who can see his or her birth date among those printed above is in line for a smashing date-spotter's award. Does that include **YOU**? It must be the exact day, month and year of your birth, remember, and you must have sent in to join the Club before Monday, 8th December. If you qualify, you may take your choice of any one of the following prizes: **Oil-Painting-by-Numbers Set, Writing Folder, Model Aeroplane Kit, Jigsaw Puzzle, Fountain Pen, Model Vintage Car Kit.**

Write your choice of prize on a postcard, and add your full name, address and date of birth. Print "**BIRTH DATE GAME**" in the top left corner of the address side and post to reach the Club by **Tuesday, 30th December.** Overseas members have until 14th May.

There's a different list of birth dates every week, so keep your eye on Club Page even if it is Christmas! **YOUR** date may turn up next!

A RIVAL PAPER?

ROBERT POTTER, of Liverpool, writes: "At our school we are producing our own magazine. When it is finished we shall sell copies and give the money to charity. Meanwhile, I am still reading your fantastic comic." Hope you won't stop reading **BUSTER** when your magazine comes out, Bob!

PALS IN THE GARDEN!

From Chesterfield, comes this letter from **Paul Hickman**: "Our cat was a year old when we had a dog. Instead of fighting, our cat mothered the new stranger and even washed it. The dog knows the cat very well because when a lot of cats come into our garden the dog chases them all out—except ours."

Below, meet **Terry Wass**, who lives in Stevenage. His favourite sports are fishing and swimming.



Paul Jefferson, above, hails from Horsforth. He's a keen coin-collector—and he likes swimming, too.



Here's **Helen Toulson**, of Oakenshaw. In the summer she likes to go camping with the Girl Guides.

8-year-old Robert Loseby comes from Liverpool. His favourite pastime? Reading **BUSTER** every week.



DOLMANN'S WARRIORS MARCH INTO ACTION!



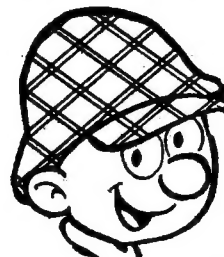
In his shop in a quiet London back street, **Jonas Luthor** created an army of mechanical puppets to fight crime. Crooks learned to fear "**THE HOUSE OF DOLMANN**"!

Follow his exciting adventures every week in...

VALIANT

ON SALE SATURDAY 7d.

SPREAD THE WORD!



If your pals enjoy laughs and action-packed adventure, advise them to place a regular order for...

BUSTER

... you know it's too good to miss!

We're giving away A MILLION STAMPS

Don't miss your share

We've reserved 100 for you—all different, including Russians and Space Stamps, sent **FREE** when you request our Discount Approvals, with lots of Bargains and other Free Gift offers. Send two 3d. stamps for return postage and packing.

Please tell your parents

BAYONA STAMP CO.
(Dept. B2)

291 London Road, Leftwich,
Northwich, Cheshire

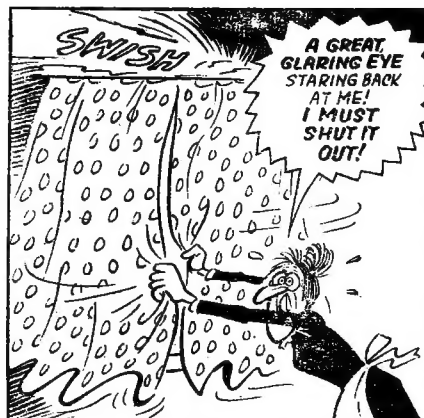
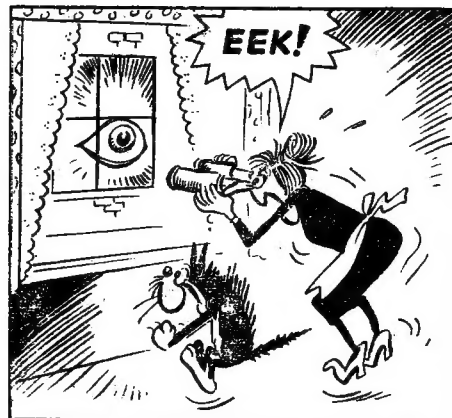
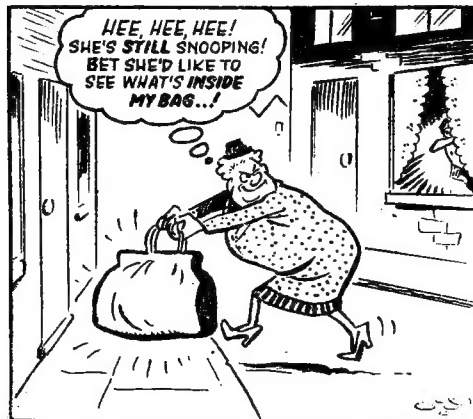
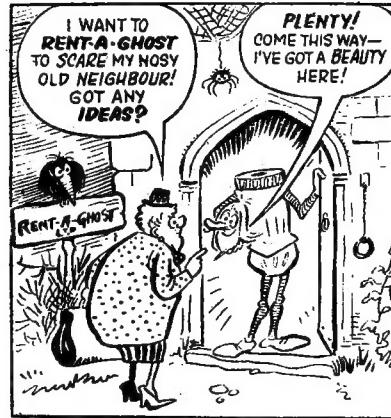


MY ADDRESS:

Buster's Birthday Club, 1-2 Bear Alley,
Farringdon St., London, E.C.4 (Comp.)



IT'S A CRYING SHAME! A GHOSTLY EYE FAILS IN ITS TASK!



YOU'LL WEEP WITH MIRTH AT THE FUN IN NEXT WEEK'S SUPER CHRISTMAS ISSUE!

GALAXUS

THE THING FROM OUTER SPACE

A space-creature known as Galaxus had been marooned on Earth and was now being hunted throughout the world. With Jim and Danny Jones, Galaxus became involved with an Iranian boy called Deran, whose people were being terrorised by a strange, prehistoric being known as "The Yellow-Toothed Shambling One." Too scared to help Jim and Danny tackle the brute in its lair, Galaxus remained behind. Then, guilty and ashamed at having allowed the boys to walk into danger alone, the gentle space-creature changed his mind and began to race across the plain...



ON AND ON HE RAN...
HOPING DESPERATELY THAT HE
WOULD REACH HIS FRIENDS
BEFORE IT WAS TOO LATE!



BUT AT THAT
MOMENT, IN A
DISTANT CAVE...

OH, MY HEAD...
WHAT...?



SLOWLY REGAINING CONSCIOUS-
NESS, JIM AND DANNY
LOOKED UP IN
DISMAY...

J-JIM,
IT'S GOING TO
HIT US! WE'RE
FINISHED!



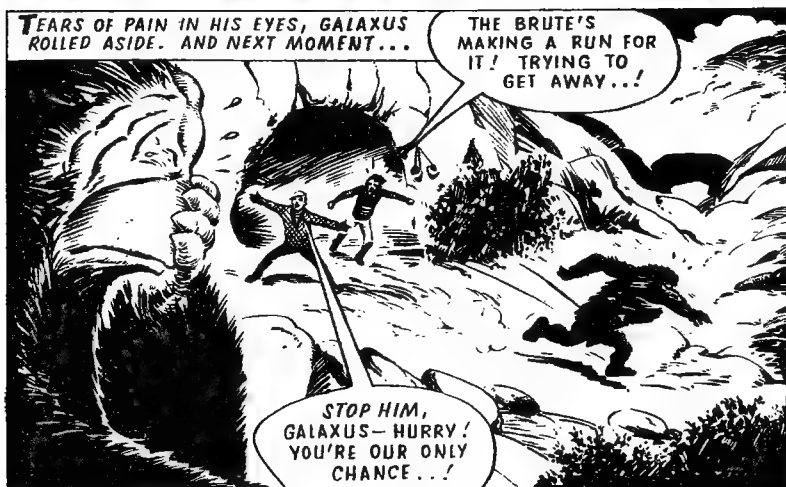
BUT THEN, LIKE
A MIRACLE...

MUUU-
AAAHH!



CONTINUED OVERLEAF

JIM AND DANNY STARED IN AMAZEMENT AS THEY HEARD A HUMAN VOICE !





AT A FAST TROT, GALAXUS CARRIED HIS FRIENDS AND THEIR PRISONER BACK TOWARDS THE DESERTED VILLAGE OF AMASDAK...



AND BEFORE LONG...

DERAN... I'D LIKE YOU TO MEET THE REMAINS OF THE YELLOW-TOOTHED SHAMBLING ONE! HE'S A BEAST THAT SIMPLY DOESN'T EXIST!

LORANTO... AND A CUNNINGLY-MADE ANIMAL SKIN!



THAT'S RIGHT! THE WHOLE THING WAS JUST A PLOT BY LORANTO TO GAIN CONTROL OF THE VILLAGE!

BUT NOW IT'S OVER! NOW YOUR PEOPLE CAN RETURN TO THEIR HOMES... AND YOU CAN REGAIN YOUR RIGHTFUL POSITION AS HEADMAN!

NEXT NIGHT, THE VILLAGERS OF AMASDAK RETURNED... AND A HUGE FEAST WAS HELD...



SMASHING, EH, JIM? YOU, I AND GALAXUS... GUESTS OF HONOUR!

YES, IT CERTAINLY MAKES A CHANGE...



...BUT YOU'D BETTER NOT EAT TOO MANY MUSHROOMS, GALAXUS—TOMORROW YOU'VE GOT WORK TO DO!

HUUUH...?

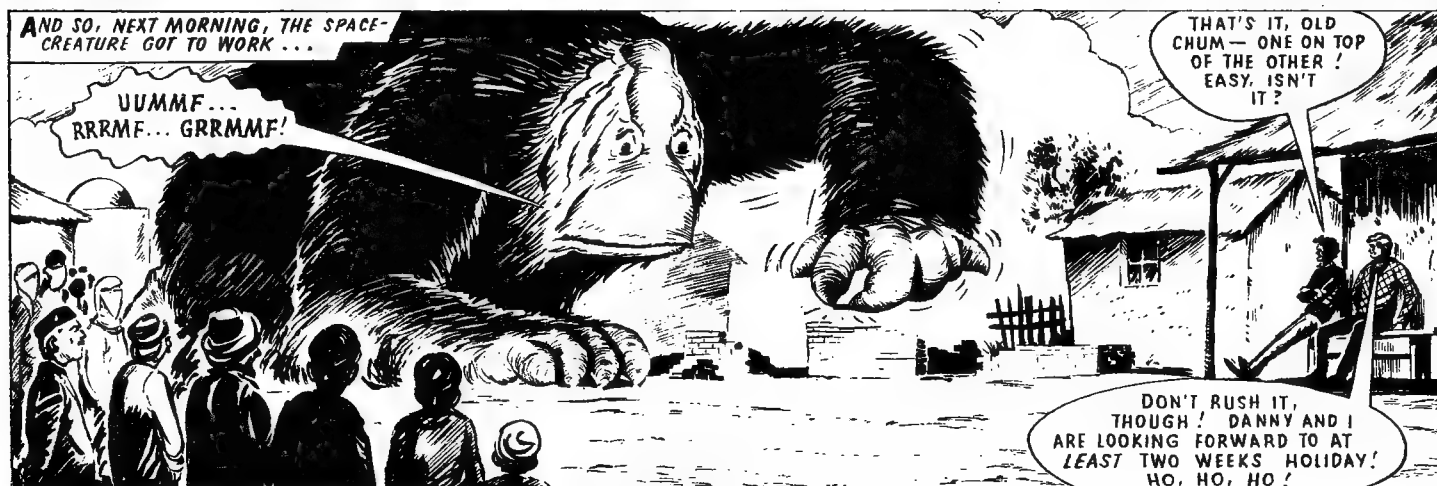
WORK? WHAT DO YOU MEAN, JIM?



THOSE HOUSES YOU KNOCKED DOWN ACCIDENTALLY, GALAXUS! NOW THE OWNERS HAVE RETURNED. I'M AFRAID YOU'LL HAVE TO REBUILD THEM!

HA, HA, HA! HE'S RIGHT, GALAXUS! I NEVER THOUGHT OF THAT! DON'T WORRY, THOUGH, I BET YOU'LL MAKE A SMASHING BRICKLAYER—SORRY, MUD-BRICK LAYER!

UUUU-NUUUH!



AND SO, NEXT MORNING, THE SPACE-CREATURE GOT TO WORK...

UUMMF... RRRMF... GRRMF!

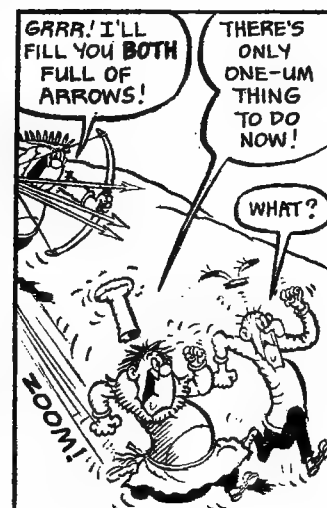
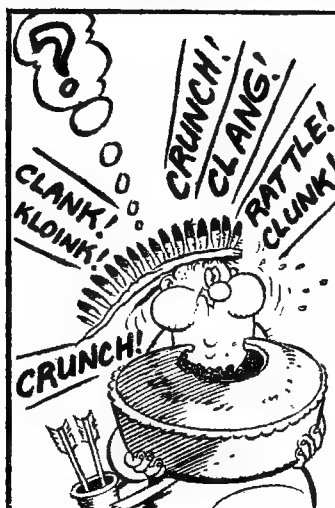
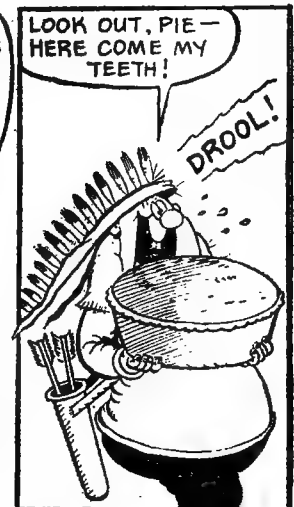
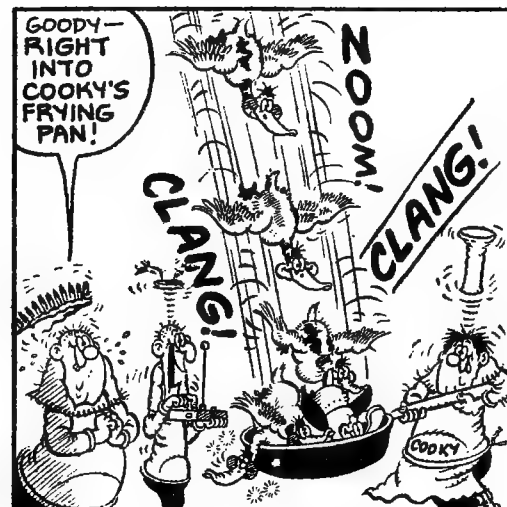
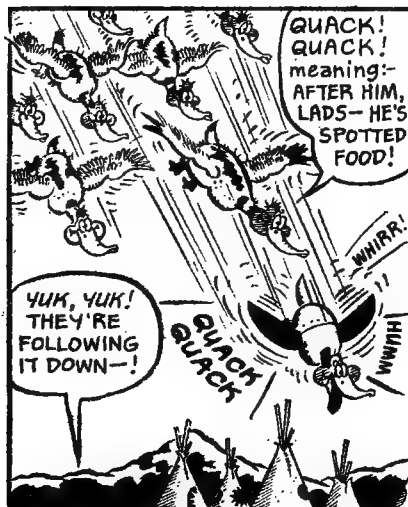
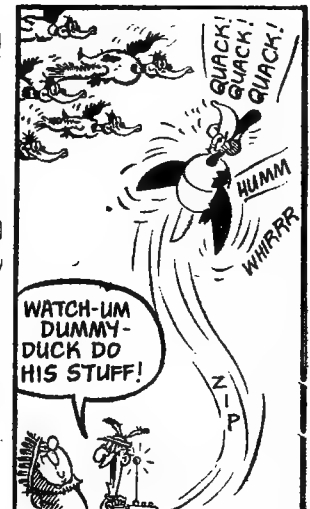
THAT'S IT, OLD CHUM—ONE ON TOP OF THE OTHER! EASY, ISN'T IT?

DON'T RUSH IT, THOUGH! DANNY AND I ARE LOOKING FORWARD TO AT LEAST TWO WEEKS HOLIDAY! HO, HO, HO!

A GREAT NEW "GALAXUS" YARN BEGINS IN NEXT WEEK'S BUMPER CHRISTMAS ISSUE!

LOOKS LIKE POW WOW'S BITTEN OFF MORE THAN HE CAN CHEW THIS WEEK!

BIG CHIEF POW WOW



HIT THE LAUGHTER TRAIL WITH OUR POTTY INDIAN NEXT FRIDAY!

go quickly to your
newsagent or bookseller
and always buy
Fleetway Annuals



YOU'VE A DOZEN FLEETWAY ANNUALS TO CHOOSE FROM

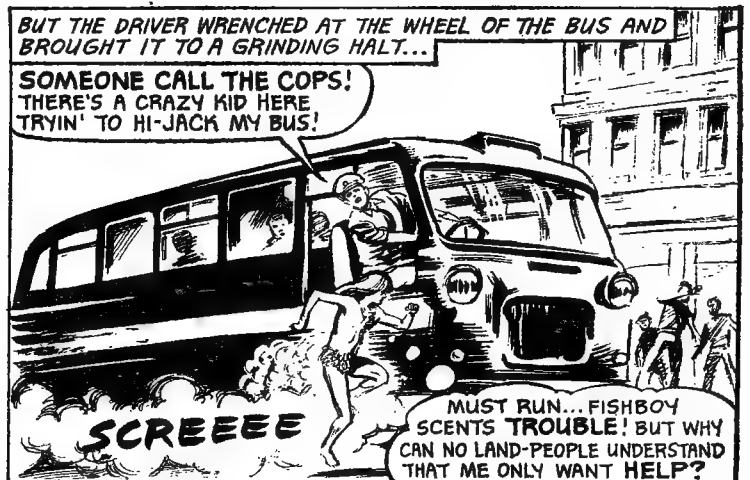
something new for every modern boy and half of them exciting newcomers

PURSUED BY THE POLICE — FISHBOY PLUNGED THROUGH AN OPEN MANHOLE!

FISHBOY

Denizen of the Deep

Stranded on a desert island as a child and forced to get his food from the sea, Fishboy developed slightly webbed hands and feet and learned to breath underwater as easily as a fish. Fishboy set out to find his long-lost parents and learned that they were two geologists working at the Institute of Geology on the Canadian island of Vancouver. On reaching the island, he hurried to the Institute, but when he got there...



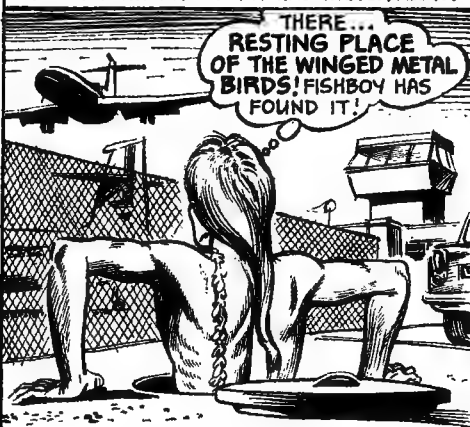
ONCE INSIDE THE MANHOLE, FISHBOY REPLACED THE COVER AND THEN PLUNGED GRATEFULLY INTO THE FOAMING RAIN WATER...



SWIMMING STRONGLY, HE SPOTTED A FRIENDLY WATER RAT AND SPOKE TO IT IN THE BURBLING LANGUAGE ALL AQUATIC CREATURES UNDERSTOOD...



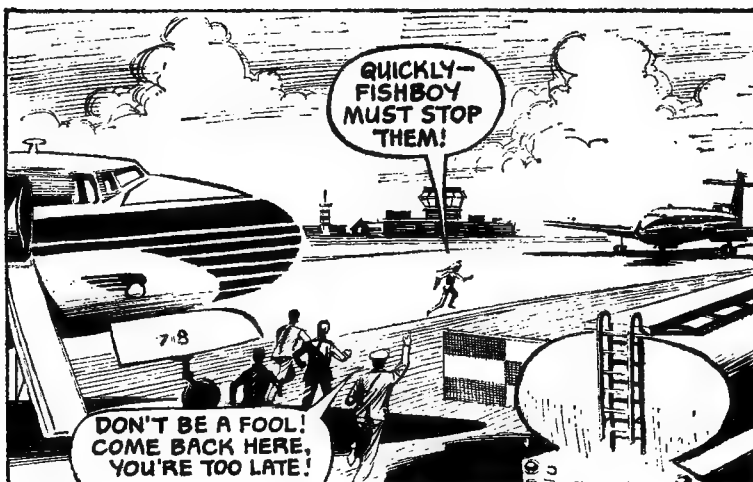
SURE ENOUGH, WHEN FISHBOY EMERGED AT THE POINT THE WATER RAT HAD INDICATED...



EXCITEDLY, HE TORE TOWARDS THE MAIN FOYER, AND SAW...



RACING INSIDE, HE SAW THE CHAUFFEUR WHO HAD DRIVEN HIS PARENTS AWAY FROM THE VANCOUVER INSTITUTE OF GEOLOGY...



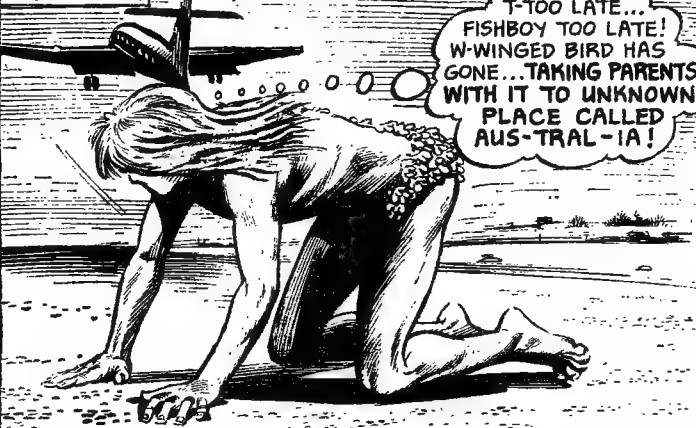
GATHERING SPEED, THE MIGHTY JET THUNDERED DOWN THE RUNWAY - AND NEXT MOMENT...



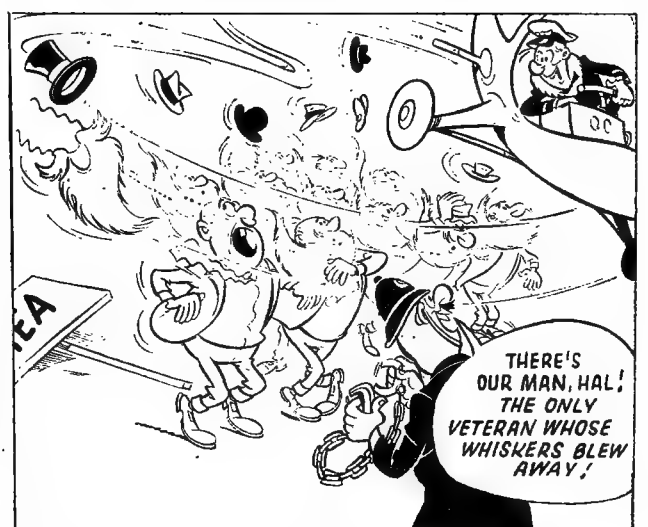
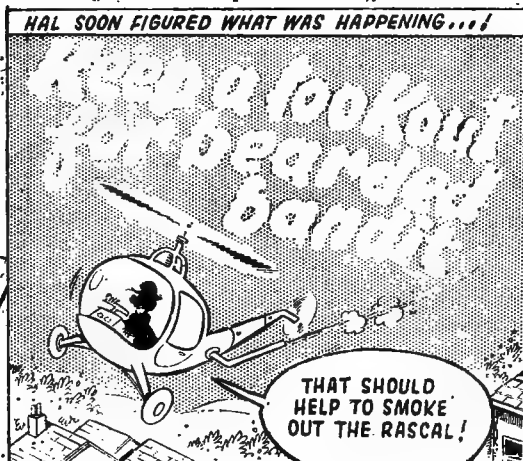
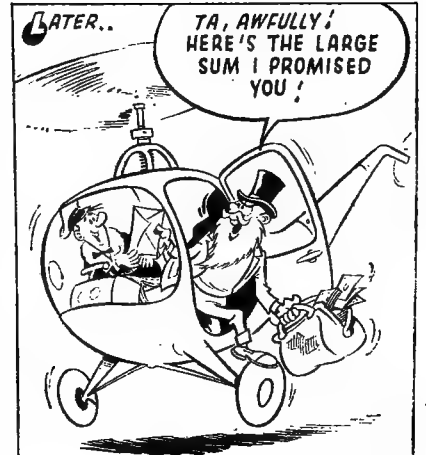
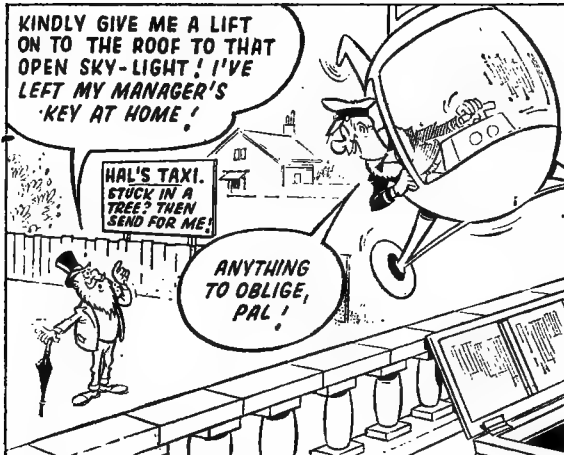
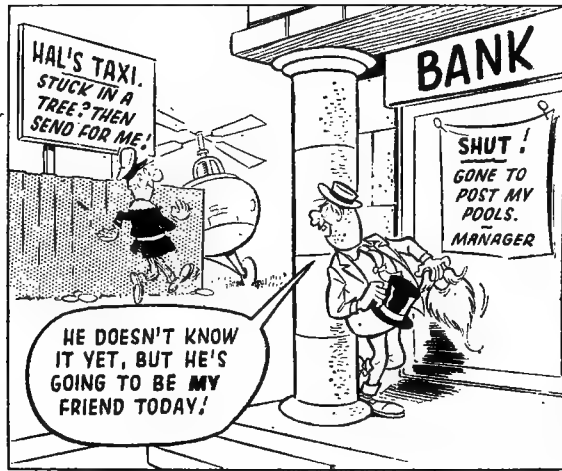
A HOWLING, SEARING BLAST OF AIR TORE AT FISHBOY'S BODY, AND GIGANTIC WHEELS SEEMED TO SKIM PAST HIM...



NEXT MOMENT, THE MIGHTY CRAFT WAS CLAWING ITS WAY SKYWARDS...

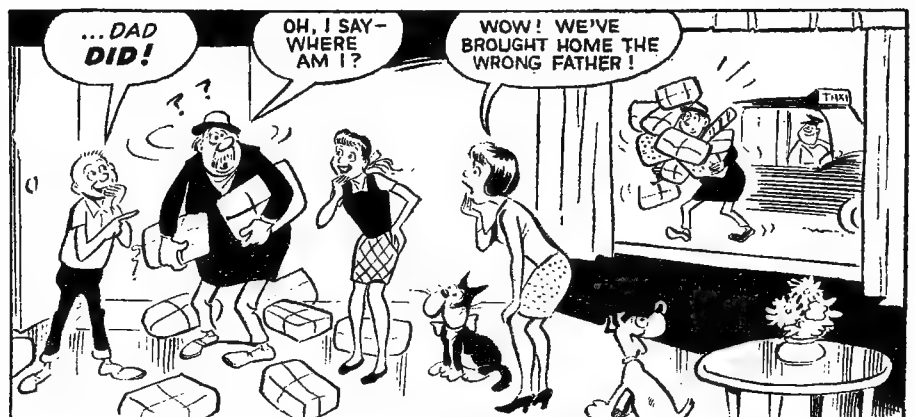
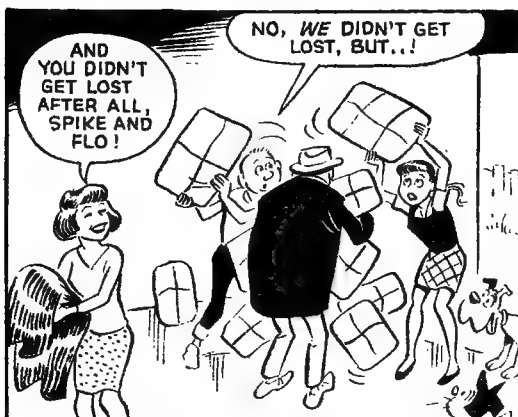


WILL FISHBOY EVER FIND HIS PARENTS? DON'T MISS NEXT FRIDAY'S INSTALMENT!



THERE'S A BUNDLE OF LAUGHS WHEN THE HAPPY FAMILY GO CHRISTMAS SHOPPING!

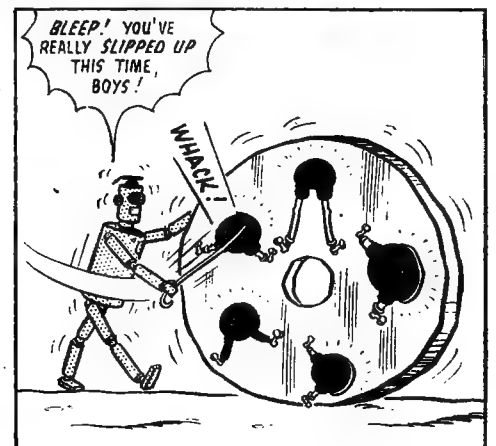
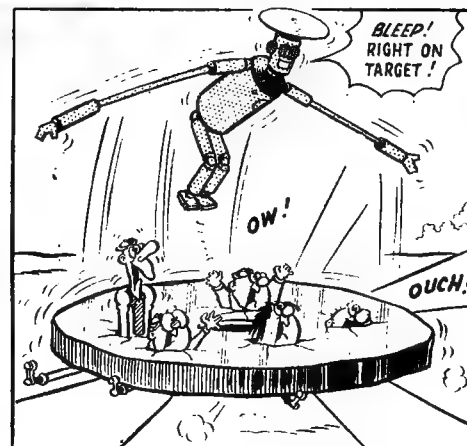
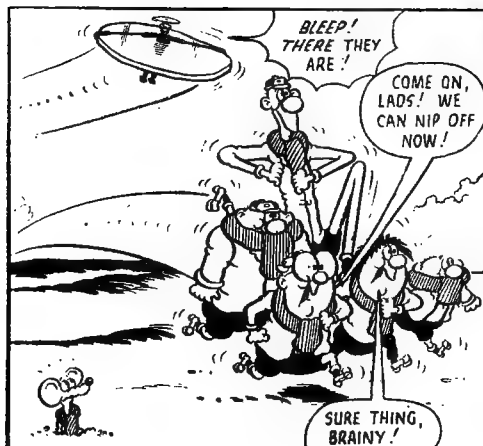
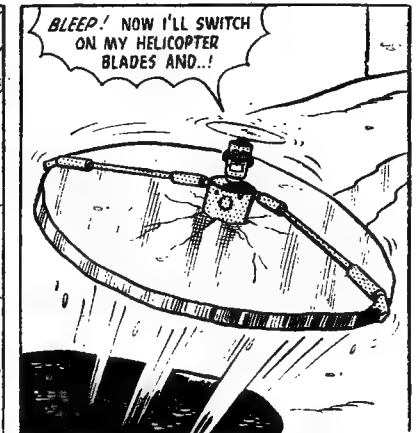
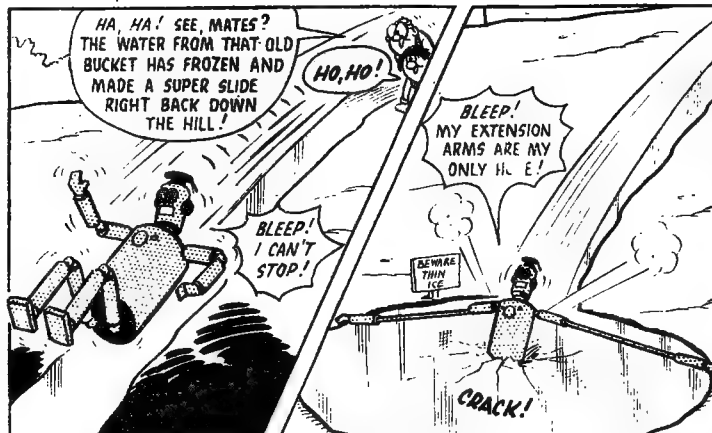
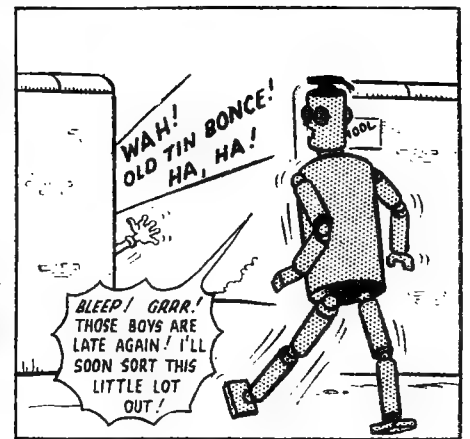
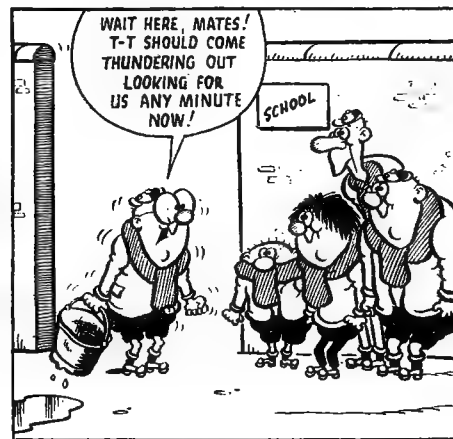
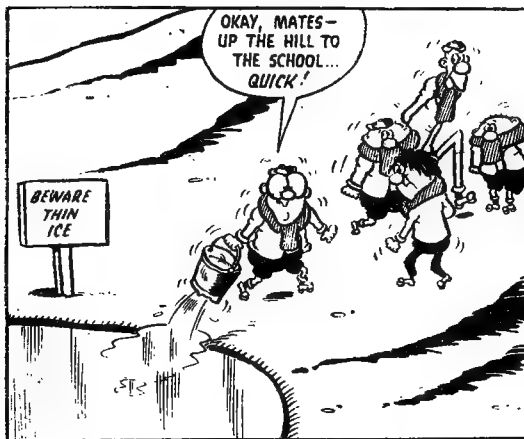
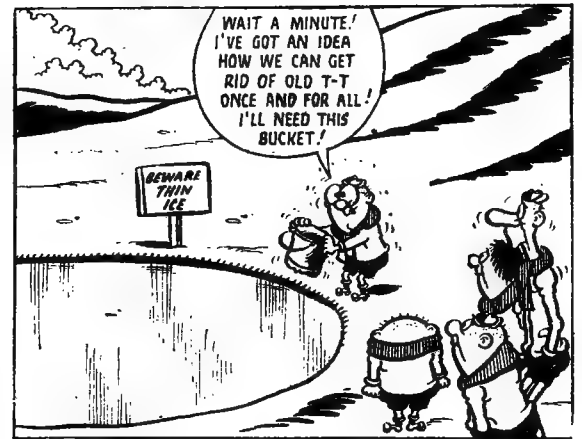
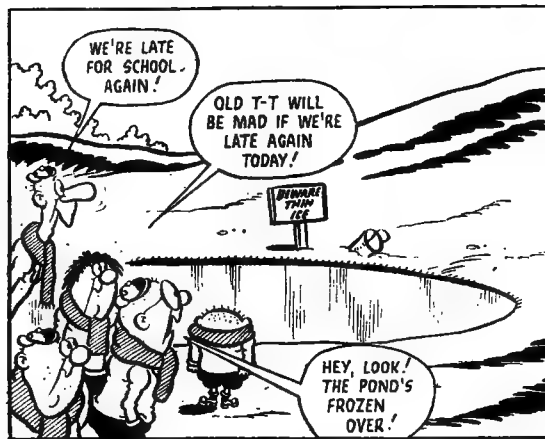
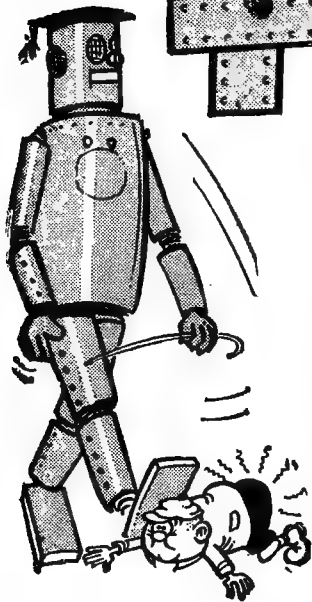
The HAPPY FAMILY



MORE FAMILY FUN WITH THE HAPPYS IN NEXT FRIDAY'S ISSUE OF "BUSTER"!

THE BOYS GIVE T-T THE COLD SHOULDER — BUT THEY FIND THEY ARE TREADING ON THIN ICE !

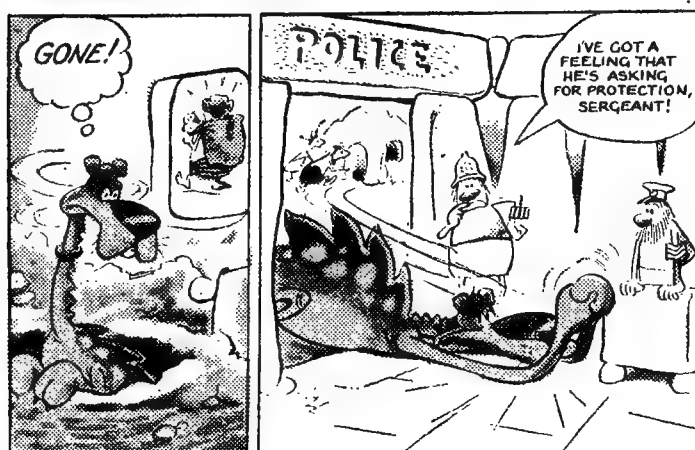
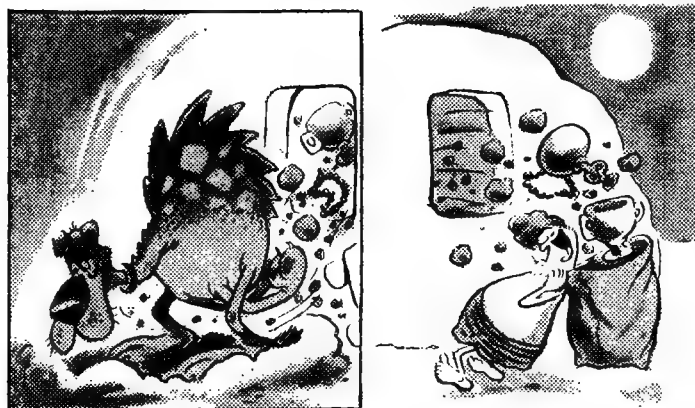
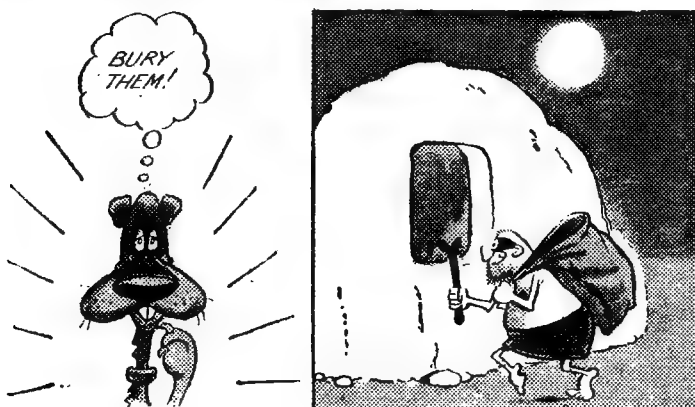
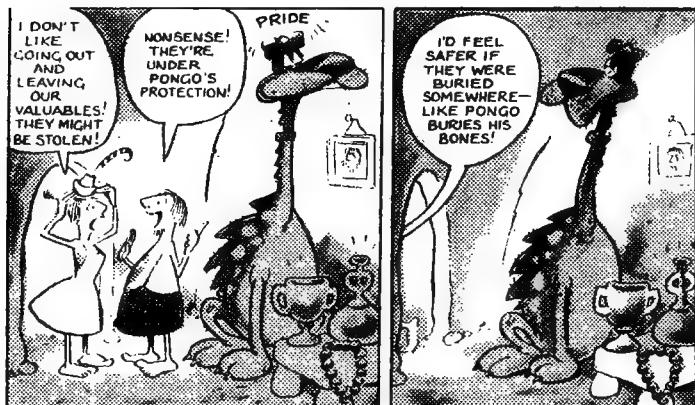
T-T TEACHER



ANOTHER LESSON IN LAUGHTER IN NEXT FRIDAY'S BUMPER CHRISTMAS ISSUE !

PONGO

THE PREHISTORIC POOCH



DECIMAL
CURRENCY
BOARD

Are
there any
halfcrowns
in your
money-box?



If there are, ask Mum or Dad to change them for coins of equal value. Because after 31st December, halfcrowns can't be used as money. They're being withdrawn in preparation for our change to decimal money on D Day – 15th February, 1971.

So take a look, and see if you have any halfcrowns. If you do, ask Mum or Dad to change them for you now.

**After 31st December,
you can't spend your
halfcrowns—anywhere.**

AS THE SAN REMILLO SPECIAL SPED OUT OF A TUNNEL, DISASTER STRUCK!



Racing driver Simon Starr and his inventor pal, "Brainbox" Cox, were in South America and had entered a round-the-houses race in the mountainside village of San Remillo. After their car was damaged during a practice run, the villagers helped to buy spare parts for the car and they stayed to cheer Simon on in spite of a cloudburst . . .

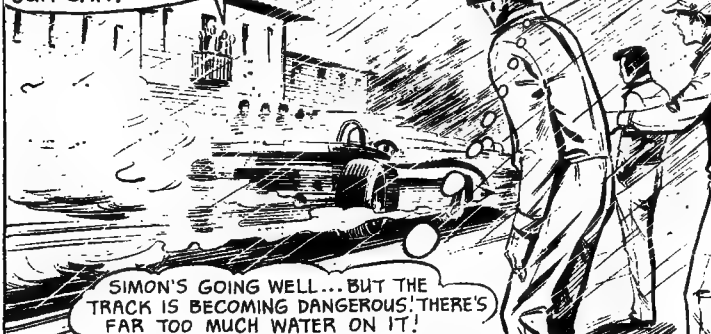
The

SKID KID'S



DESPITE THE TREACHEROUS CONDITIONS, SIMON PUSHED THE CAR TO THE LIMIT...

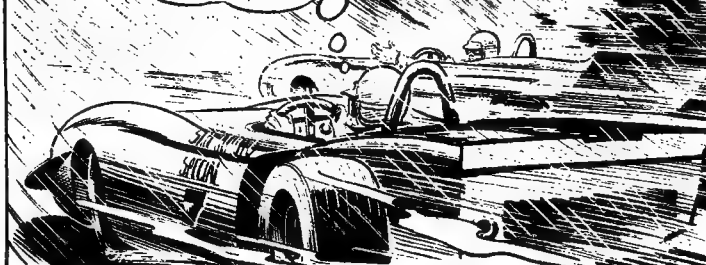
COME ON, SENOR SKEED KID! YOU WEEN EEN OUR CAR!



SIMON'S GOING WELL... BUT THE TRACK IS BECOMING DANGEROUS! THERE'S FAR TOO MUCH WATER ON IT!

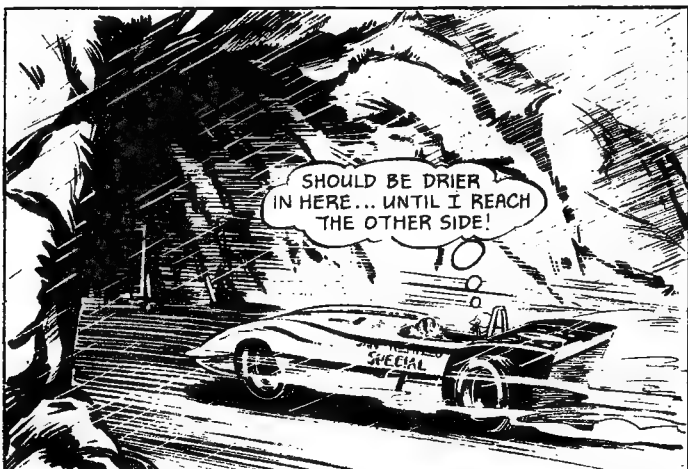
TWO LAPS LATER, ON ONE OF THE FEW STRAIGHT STRETCHES...

HE'S TAKING IT VERY SLOWLY! PROBABLY CAN'T SEE PROPERLY WITH ALL THIS RAIN! I'M IN THE LEAD NOW... SO I'LL GO MORE EASILY, TOO!



BUT AT THAT MOMENT, AT THE OTHER END OF THE TUNNEL...

SHOULD BE DRIER IN HERE... UNTIL I REACH THE OTHER SIDE!



LOOK OUT!

THE MOUNTAIN RIVER IS OVERFLOWING!

THE CARS WILL COME THROUGH THE TUNNEL... RIGHT INTO IT!



AND AS SIMON CAME OUT, A CASCADE OF WATER CRASHED DOWN ON THE CAR...

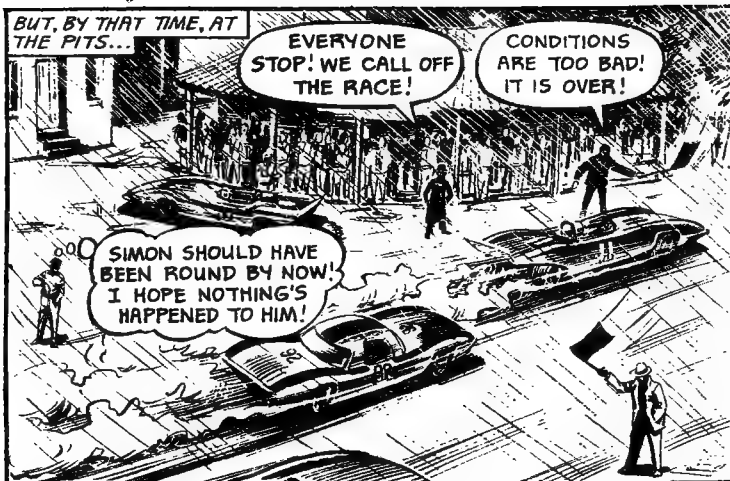
GALLOPING GEARBOXES! A WATERFALL! CRIKEY—THE CAR'S GONE INTO A SKID!



IT'S OUR CAR!

SENOR SIMON... HE CRASH HIMSELF!



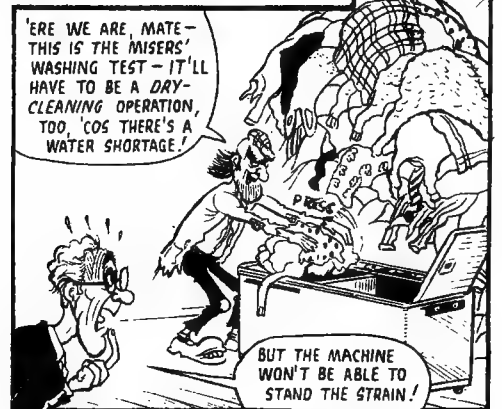
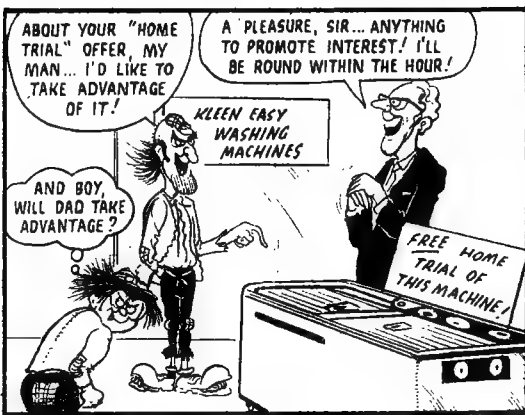
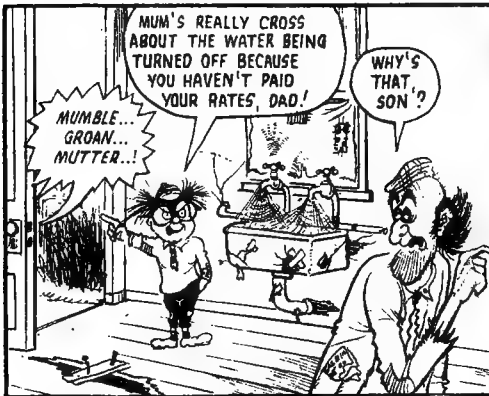


WILL SIMON FIND HIS PAL? FIND OUT IN NEXT FRIDAY'S SUPER CHRISTMAS ISSUE!

PA TRIES TO GET HIS WASHING DONE FREE — BUT GETS CLEANED OUT IN THE PROCESS!

THE MISERS

The Meanest Mob in Town!



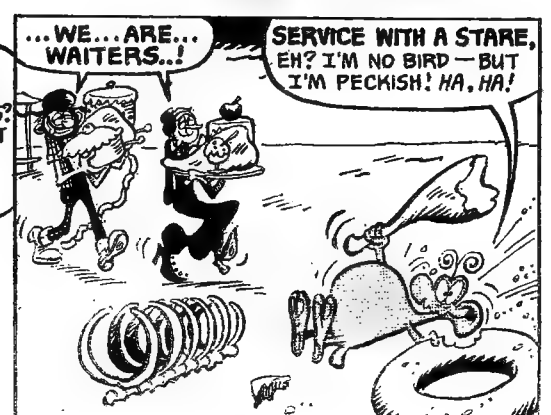
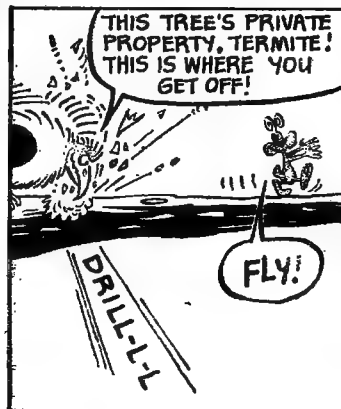
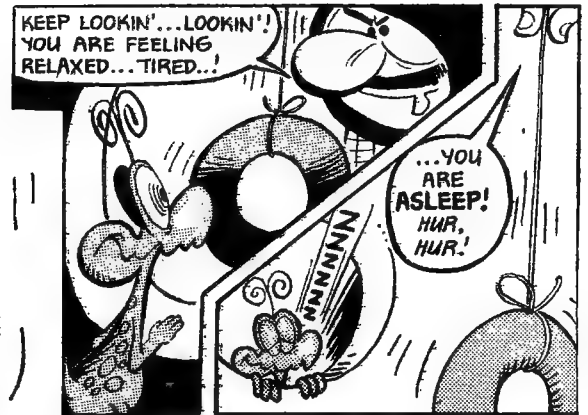
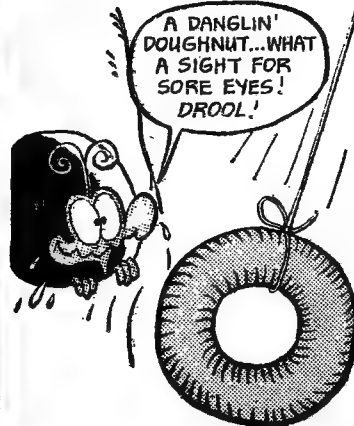
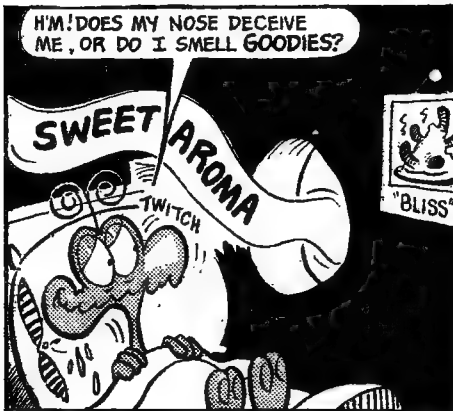
THE LAUGHTER STRIKES A HIGH NOTE WHEN THE MISERS GO CHRISTMAS CAROL SINGING NEXT WEEK!

PA AND MA HAYSEED GO GLASSY-EYED AT CRUNCHER'S ANTICS!



CRUNCHER

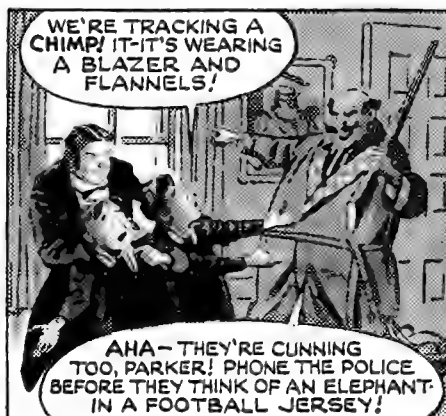
THE TINY TERMITE WITH THE BIG APPETITE



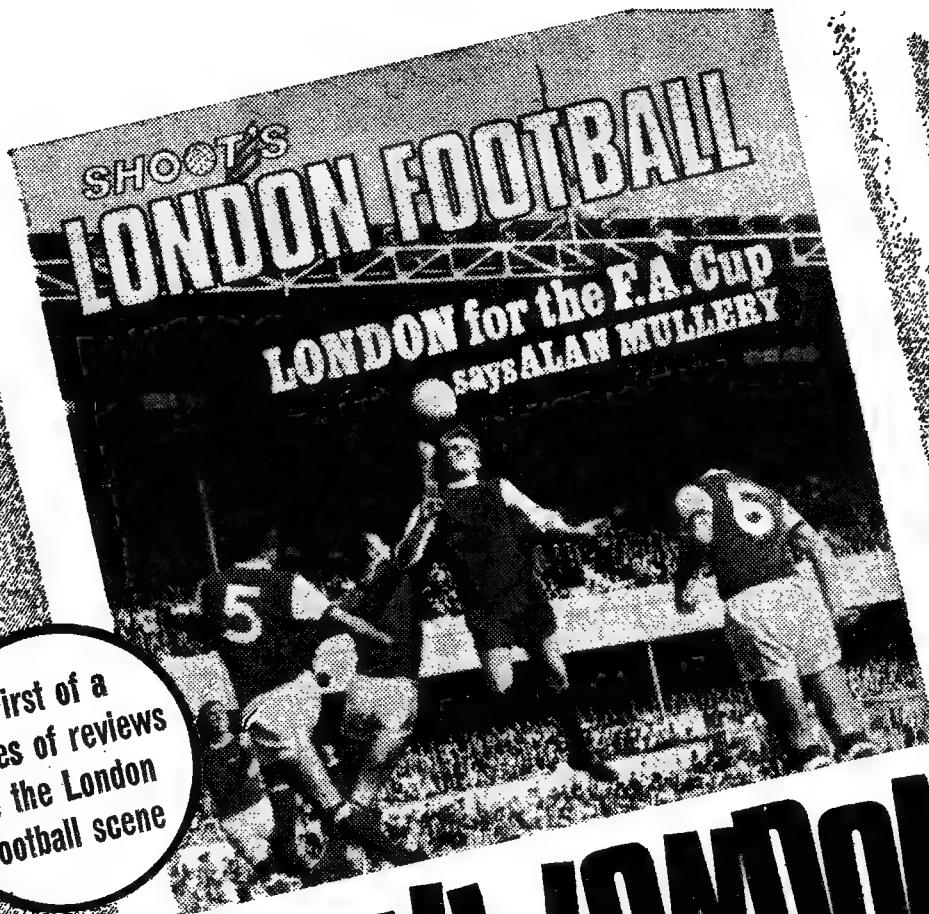
ANOTHER FEAST OF FUN WITH OUR TINY TERMITE IN NEXT FRIDAY'S ISSUE!

SMYTHE AND SWEETING WEREN'T BELIEVED BY THE PEPPERY OLD COLONEL!

"DIZZY" DIMWITTY



DIZZY'S STILL CHASING THE CHIMP IN NEXT FRIDAY'S GRAND CHRISTMAS ISSUE!



First of a series of reviews of the London football scene

CALLING ALL LONDON FANS

At last, here is SHOOT'S exciting colour guide to the capital of the football world – the soccer centre where competition is the fiercest. With a spectacular line-up of 12 Football League clubs, the Southern League sides and the Amateurs!

● Alan Mullery on London's chances for the F.A. Cup. ● Spurs and Chelsea are the likeliest lads to get it ● Bobby Moore by Bobby Charlton: "His reading of the game is second to none" ● George Best on why he loves playing in London: But fiercely pro-North when lavishing his praise ● Rodney Marsh's hopes for the new Q.P.R. The present line-up is the best he's known! ● Big-interest features ● Personality pieces ● Thrilling action photos ● Super full-colour pin-ups

Read all about the city that's teeming with the world's top-class talent

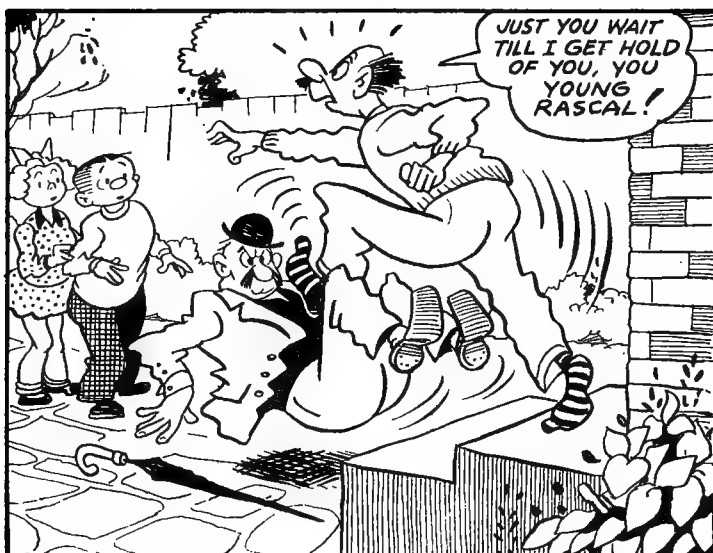
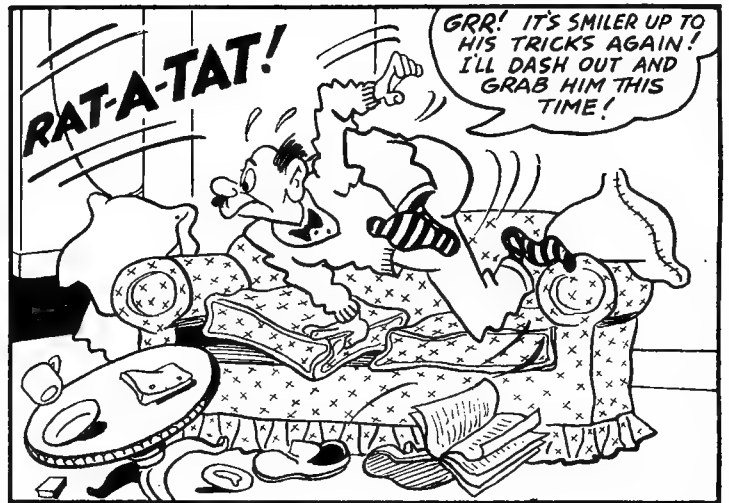
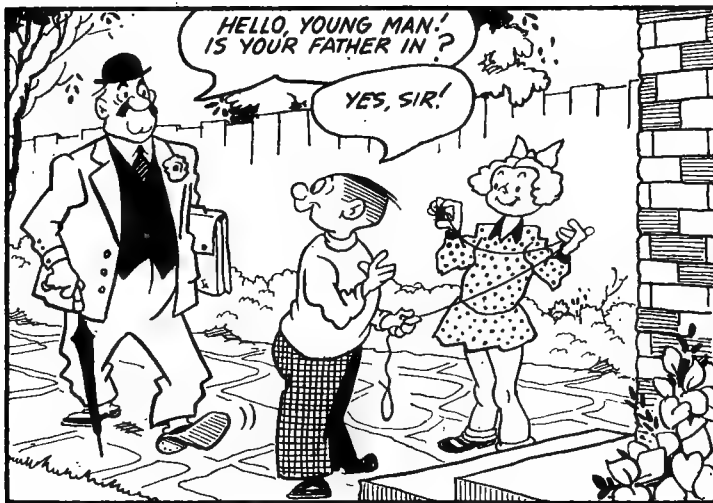
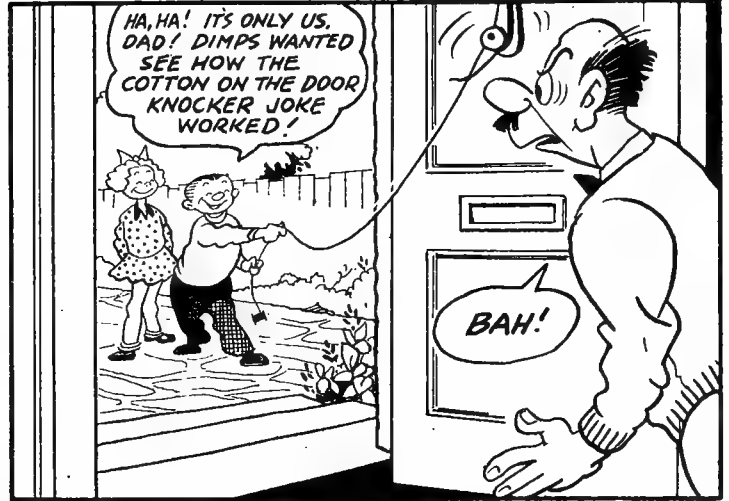
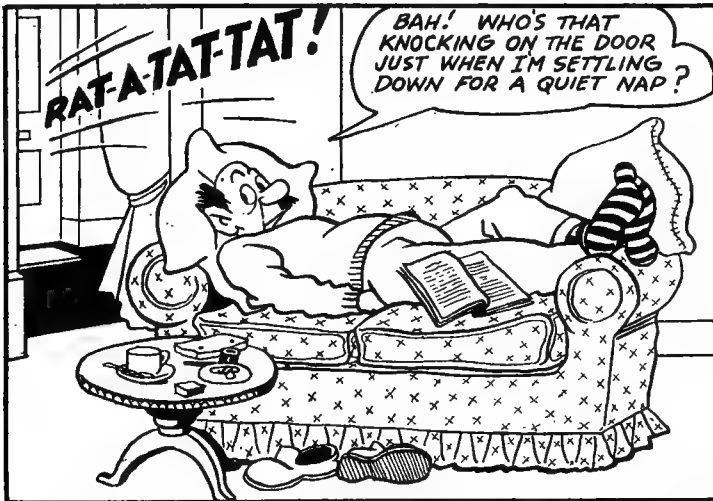
SHOOT'S LONDON FOOTBALL

64 powerful pages, 8 in fantastic full colour 3/6
ON SALE SATURDAY DECEMBER 20
ORDER YOUR COPY NOW!

SMILER'S DOOR-KNOCKER JOKE WORKS TOO WELL - WHEN DAD FLATTENS HIS BOSS!



SMILER and DIMPS



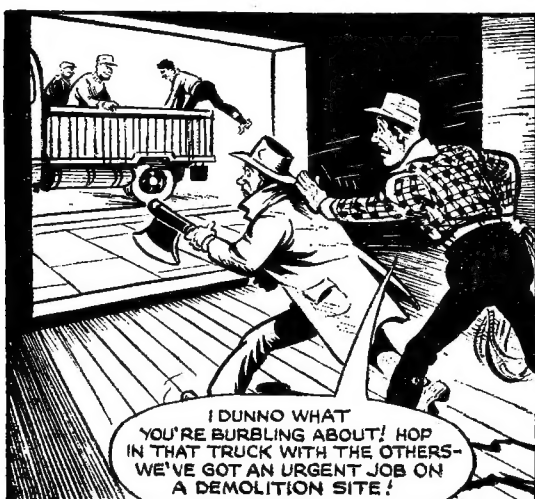
PLENTY OF FUN AND THRILLS IN OUR CHRISTMAS ISSUE, ON SALE NEXT FRIDAY!

CHARLIE'S BARKING UP THE WRONG TREE WHEN HE THINKS HE CAN GET SOME FREE FOOD!

The ASTOUNDING ADVENTURES of Charlie Peace

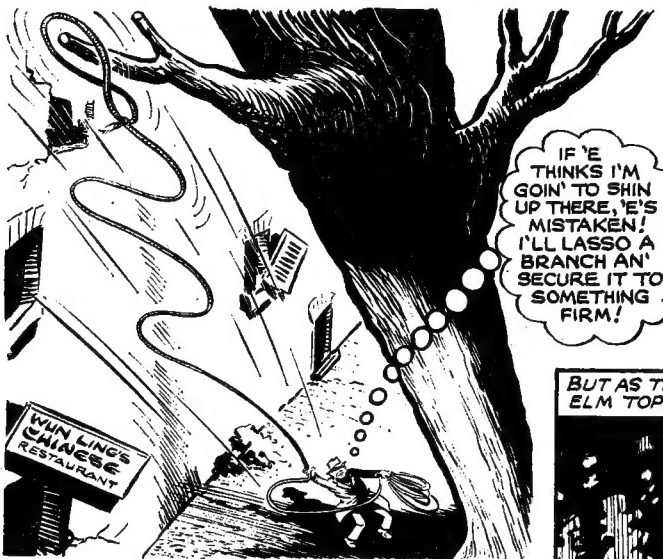


Times had been hard in the old Victorian days when Charlie Peace had reigned supreme as master-crook. Now, after being transported in a time-machine to modern London, he found it was just as hard to make a dishonest living. One day, however, he chanced upon another penniless wayfarer...



CONTINUED OVERLEAF...

THE ARCH-ROGUE'S NEW JOB GOT HIM DOWN—AND EVERYTHING ELSE AROUND HIM AS WELL!



WITHIN SECONDS, THE DERELICT STRUCTURE WAS REDUCED TO A HEAP OF RUBBLE...



THE DEMOLITION CONTRACTOR HURRIED ACROSS TO CHARLIE'S BOSS...



THE ARCH-ROGUE HIMSELF WAS STILL AMONGST THE RUBBLE...



IT'S OLD ALL RIGHT! MAYBE IT'S FULL O' GOLD COINS!



BUT WHEN CHARLIE OPENED THE LID...



AH! YOU FIND ANCIENT CHINESE EGGS FOR ME, KIND SIR!

ME WUN LING! NO COULD FIND THIS WHEN I MOVE! VELLY ANCIENT EGGS - GREAT CHINESE DELICACY!



YOU'RE WELCOME TO THIS LOT, MATE!

ONE MOMENT, PLEASE! HELP ME CARRY THIS BACK TO MY NEW RESTAURANT, AND I GIVE YOU SLAP-UP FREE MEAL!



A NOSH-UP FOR NOTHING? THAT'S FOR ME!

WHEN THEY REACHED WUN LING'S NEW RESTAURANT...



UURGGH!

THE CRAFTY CROOK'S HUNGER SUDDENLY DISAPPEARED...

ER - KEEP IT, MATE! I CAME TO CHOP TREES - I AIN'T STARTIN' ON CHOP-SUEY!



HERE HE COMES NOW, BOSS!

YOUR SHARE OF THE BONUS, CHUM! A FIVER! YOU MAY BE HOPELESS AT TREE FELLING, BUT YOU CERTAINLY BROUGHT THE HOUSE DOWN!



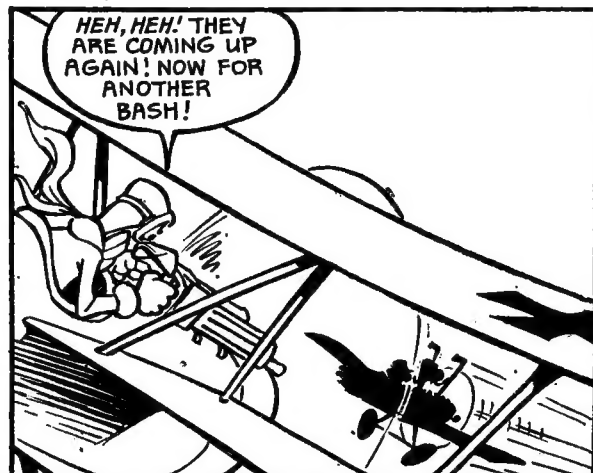
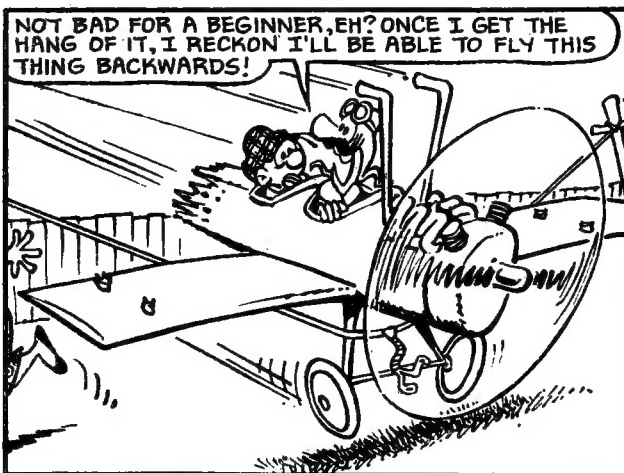
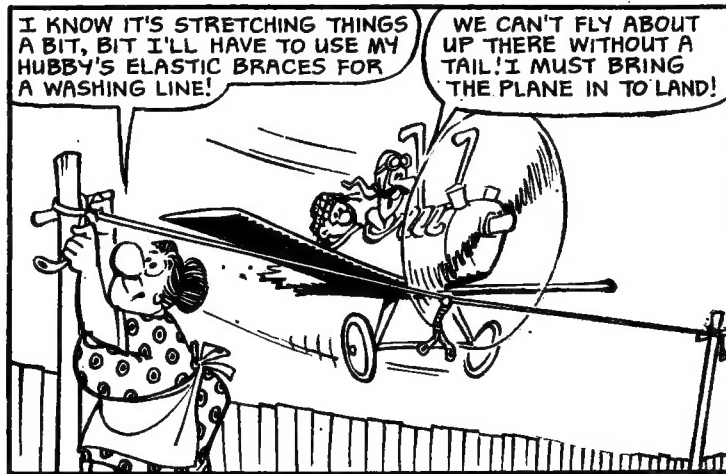
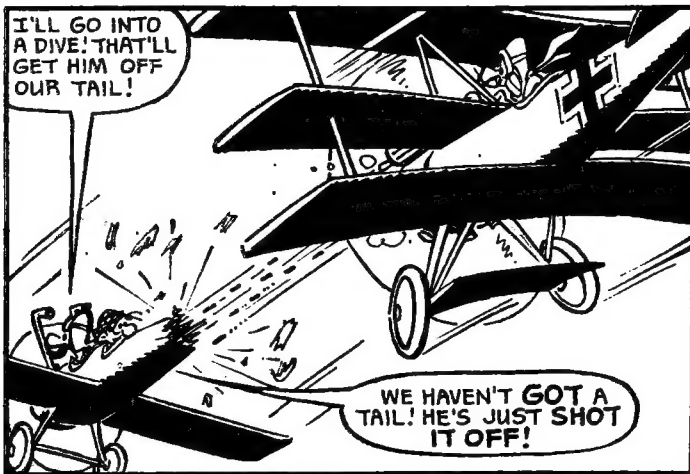
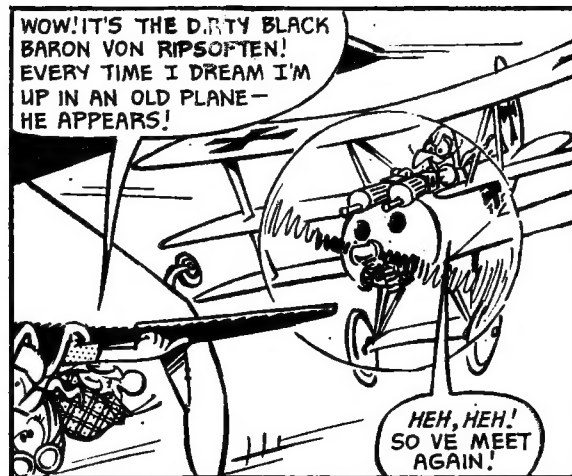
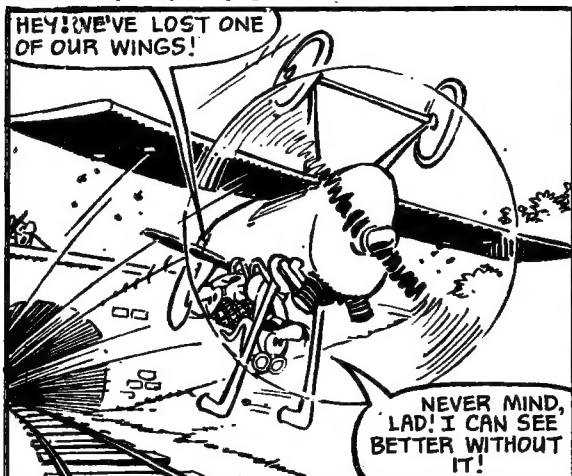
HERE! TAKE YOUR PACKED LUNCH WITH YOU - YOU DESERVE IT! WE'VE ALL GOT A FIVER, TOO, THANKS TO YOU!

THE ASTOUNDING ROGUE DEPARTED HAPPILY...



WELL, WELL! IF YOU "AXE" ME, EVERYTHING'S TURNED OUT A "TREE-T"! SO NOW I'LL TAKE ME "BOUGH" AND "LEAF" THE WORK TO THE EXPERTS! HUR, HUR!

MORE CRIMINAL CAPERS IN NEXT WEEK'S "BUSTER", ON SALE FRIDAY, 19th DECEMBER!



REMEMBER, PALS — THE NEXT "BUSTER" IS ON SALE FRIDAY, 19th DECEMBER !